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AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

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Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

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NO. 16.

THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR AND MANAGER.

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IDEAS.

One way to prosper is to keep few dogs and more sheep.

As the weather grows colder we must clothe our children better, and not keep them out of school.

If a son is not in some respects ahead of his father it is a discredit to them both.

Be sure and read the story on our last page—it is as interesting as a dime-novel, and as full of truth as a chapter of the Bible.

There is still a chance for a few more young men to work two or three hours a day on the farm while attending the College.

The Wide World.

While the Cubans are complaining about the action of Gen. Ludlow, the Military Governor of Havana, in virtually placing the city under martial law because of the threatened strike of the laboring element there, there is no doubt that the action was justified by the situation. A general strike in Havana would seriously retard the progress of organizing the insular government. It would cripple many industries, and create dissensions, which would be slow in healing and play havoc with the work of regenerating Cuba. The agitators who are behind the demand for an eight-hour working day, caring nothing for the personal results of their efforts, and are doubtless influenced in their actions by political reasons. The present military government will not permit the poor to be made martyrs of in order to help the claims of some small-fry Cuban politicians.

Filipino insurgents have attacked the American lines from Imus to Bacoor. Nothing will come of the conference between Gen. Otis and Aguinaldo's representatives. Gen. Otis cables that the enemy's sole object is to secure the recognition of the insurgent government.

Oct. 2, 1899.—The Boers killed 37 British soldiers and are eager to carry on the fight.

Within a month or so 10,000 American troops ought to reach Manila. If Aguinaldo is really opening negotiations for peace it is creditable to his prudence and knowledge of coming conditions.

NATIONAL NEWS.

Five years' experience with woman suffrage has so gratified the people of Colorado that the Legislature has adopted joint resolutions formally advising all the other States in the Union to adopt it as tending to the advancement of a higher and better social order.

WEBER'S FAMOUS BAND.—The famous Weber Band will offer some oddities during its engagement at the Lexington trots, Oct. 3 to 14, and will play selections with variations for almost every instrument, which will demonstrate the perfection of the band individually and in the ensemble. Most of these numbers are beyond the ability of ordinary bands, and will surely enthrall the audience. —Register.

Cummings, Cal.

T. G. PASCO. Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find 50 cents for which please send me THE CITIZEN for one year. We are glad to see the new paper from Berea and through this medium hope to hear more of the dear friends in Berea, and once in Berea College, that we remember so well. Our ranch sent 14,000 pounds of wool and 200 head of cattle to San Francisco market this Spring. Have been riding in the saddle constantly every day for two weeks. In this life we also realize what we were taught in our college days, "no excellence without great labor."

Yours most truly,
HOWARD S. FEE.

Personals and Locals.

Burdette's Mill is busy.
The Mormon Article will be continued next week.

Ernest Todd is doing a good photo business at Wagersville.

Mr. D. F. White expects to attend school at Knoxville.

Rev. Elliot, State Evangelist of the "Christian Church," visited Berea on Sunday.

Mr. Ogg visited friends in Laurel and Clay counties and took a great many pictures.

THE CITIZEN will have one of the best offices in the state when we get into the Hanson Building.

The foundation for the President's house was finished Thursday by Tice Gabbard.

C. F. Hanson has a gasoline light in the livery stable. The light is a great success.

Prof. Wilson, a former teacher in Berea College, has given up music and expects to take a course in Pharmacy.

The upper story of the Hanson Building will be partitioned off into offices in front and a court room in the rear.

Rev. and Mrs. Derthick and Miss Embree were in Richmond Thursday. George Pow will be back in the winter.

Faculty club met Friday night and was entertained by Prof. L. V. Dodge who told of his experiences in the army.

Mr. Kindred from behind Bear Knob, who was visited by the Mountain Day Excursionists Saturday, spent Sunday in town.

The "Plow Boy Preacher," Rev. J. Kirkman, Belle River, Ill., says, "After suffering from Brouchial or lung trouble for ten years, I was cured by One Minute Cough Cure. It is all that is claimed for it and more." It cures coughs, colds, grippe, and all throat and lung troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

Rev. and Mrs. Derthick, Mrs. Gould, and others are taking dinners at the Ladies Hall, which is unusually popular this term.

Thos. L. Rount, graduate of Berea, expects to attend Gammon Theological Seminary at Atlanta, graduating in May 1900.

Mrs. Jennie Elliott, of Wallacetown, is recovering from a siege of typhoid fever. Dr. Cornelius and Miss Mollie Settle, of the Hospital were in attendance.

Messrs. Chas. Reynolds, Elder and Morris arrested William Williams of Clay County for stealing a horse. A reward of \$50 was out for him.

J. W. Neely expects to take a course in Pharmacy at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. His address is 709 N. University Ave., care of W. S. Parker.

Through the inadvertence of the Y. W. C. A. ladies, a certain article by them borrowed, met with an unhappy accident—"contaminated by unholly touch."

The Y. W. C. A. has been enjoying the visit of Miss Cora N. Crosby, the southern secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, on Monday and Tuesday of this week. Miss Crosby addressed the girls several times and has left behind her a great deal of enthusiasm for the work and many pleasant memories of herself.

Prof. E. G. Dodge entertained a goodly number of friends last Thursday night with photographs of old world architecture and famous paintings. The evening was enjoyed by all who were there.

Mr. John Vanderpool of New York City, came to visit Berea on Friday, having seen our quartette of Chautauqua, she expressed great interest in the work, purchased several home spun bed-covers, and left a small gift to the student aid fund.

The improvements in the Nichols House, which is to be a headquarters for teaching sewing and cooking, are nearly complete.

"It did me more good than anything I ever used. My dyspepsia was of months' standing; after eating it was terrible. Now I am well," writes S. B. Keener, Hoisington, Kas., of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat. S. E. Welch, Jr.

A PROCLAMATION OF ECONOMY for the Fall and Winter Season in Men's and Boys' Fine Stylish Made CLOTHING!

WE are prepared to cloth you with the Lowest-priced, rightly made, absolutely all-wool Clothing in America. Rightly made, as it is of famous "Vitalis" Brand the only ready-to-wear Clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear-resisting, because the inside, the "Vitalis" the very life of the garment is carefulness in making represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready-to-wear Clothing. The Fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our Clothing at

LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple. Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nut-shell.

COVINGTON & MITCHELL

A TESTIMONIAL.

BEREA, KY., Sept. 26, 1899.
MUTUAL RESERVE FUND
LIFE ASSOCIATION,
NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:—We have this day received through your agent, Mr. J. W. Chaney of this place, your check for \$2700, balance due on policy No. 315569, held by our son James W. Ames, deceased, \$300 having been voluntarily advanced to us soon after his death, none of which according to the terms of the contract would be due for about 60 days yet.

We desire also to express our gratitude for the courtesy and consideration granted to us, and for the promptness with which this claim has been adjusted and paid, and it will be our pleasure at any time to recommend the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Ass'n to our neighbors and friends who may desire economical and reliable insurance.

Very Truly Yours,
(Signed.) GEO. AMES,
MALISSA AMES.

MEETING FOR BEREA COLLEGE.

Speeches by Judge Goodloe, Squire Settle, Squire Baker, Mrs. Earley, and Others.

This meeting, held Sunday evening, was not as largely attended as it should have been, but was one of great interest and enthusiasm.

After singing, scripture reading by Rev. Palmer, and prayer by Rev. Derthick, President Frost introduced the subject by saying that God had wrought great things through this school. This very day in one thousand churches former Berea students have been preaching, teaching, and singing the Gospel, and in ten thousand homes there has been light and joy because of Berea. The object of the college is to help every body.

The college still needs teachers with hearts full of love, citizens who will make good homes for students, and a large permanent income. With all the endowment the college already has many thousands of dollars have to be raised every year for current expenses. The new endowment will in large part meet these needs.

Dr. Pearsons will give \$50,000 more provided \$150,000 are raised from others by March 1, 1900.

One thousand dollars came Friday from Rev. Chas. F. Dole, who recently visited Berea, and who gives it out of a legacy of \$5,000 which he has just inherited. Such gifts make our endowment a very sacred fund. This makes \$30,000 already secured. The President and his wife will both devote themselves to this work till the entire sum is raised. Helping Berea we help ourselves, our neighbors, our country, and the cause of Christ.

Judge Goodloe gave a most noble and eloquent address, and no brief re-

port can do justice to its merits. He showed the place of education in human progress and the benefits, financial as well as spiritual which Berea confers, and drew a striking picture of what this region would be without Berea. He declared that BEREA GIVES THE BEST EDUCATION FOR THE MONEY OF ANY SCHOOL IN THE LAND. We greatly regret that his speech was not written, or taken down in shorthand for publication, for Judge Goodloe is a man whose words are weighty and worthy of remembrance.

Squire Baker, whose large family have been educated at Berea, spoke of the disappearance of the prejudice that once existed against Berea, and affirmed that if he had an inheritance of \$5000, he would rejoice to give \$1000 to such a work as that of this College. His remarks did not lose in interest from being impromptu.

Squire Settle read a very able paper on Berea and the educational needs of this region, which will be printed in some future number of THE CITIZEN.

Mrs. Early gave a beautiful tribute to the College, and pictured the needs of the mountain people, and Mr. Early followed in the same line.

The last address was by Mrs. Frost who starts tomorrow for Cincinnati to be gone perhaps for many weeks, and who said she was thankful for the interest and prayers of her neighbors, and thankful that she was to expend her efforts for so good a cause. The interest became intense as she was speaking, and there were tears in many eyes, and a gentle murmur of applause as she sat down.

There were prayers by Mr. Osborne, Mr. Teeters, and Mrs. Hill.

Some words about Berea's great benefactor will be of interest.

Pearsons' New Pledge.

Everybody is interested in Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the great friend of education who is doing so much for the young people of this region. He was born in the mountains of Vermont in



1820, and became interested in Christian education through acquaintance with Mary Lyon.

When he had by great business sagacity made his fortune he selected a few colleges through which he might help young people to an education.

In the South he selected Berea which he visited in '95, and made his first pledge. "When Berea will raise \$150,000 for endowment, I will add \$50,000. I make this gift to all humanity and especially to the loyal people of these mountains."

This money has now been raised, and when it brings in interest the



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500 6 x 9 Hand bills	1 00
500 9 x 12 "	1 50
500 Business Cards	1 25

We will prepare the postage on any one of the above orders for 50 cents extra, or on the small hand bills or business cards, 25 cents extra. Orders must be paid for in advance. Write the Copy VERY plainly.

Mail orders carefully attended to.

STUDENTS' JOB PRINT.
Berea, Kentucky.

College will have some sure income. He now writes (April '99) that he is so well pleased with what Berea is doing that he will do the same thing again!

In this way Berea will be made able to carry out its great plans for helping all young people toward an education.

He is not willing to help any except those who help themselves. Again and again he says, "Every student must pay something—he must show that he values an education. It does no good to furnish a free lunch."

There will soon be a million young men and young women who will be happier and more useful because of what Dr. Pearsons has done.

Dr. Pearsons always selects for himself the colleges which he will help, and it is useless for others to apply. When the news of what he had done for Berea appeared an army of college presidents started for Chicago, but Dr. Pearsons found it easy to say No!

Eat plenty, Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat. It cures all forms of dyspepsia and stomach troubles, E. R. Gamble, Vernon, Texas, says, "It relieved me from the start and cured me. It is now my everlasting friend." S. E. Welch, Jr.

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IF YOU WANT THEM AT ALL. Glasses that are not properly adjusted to your eyes are actually dangerous. I know it, and you ought to know it. I will not attempt to suit glasses to your eyes until I know what is needed. Eyes examined free.

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WAVE PRINTS.

Where ocean-seeking rivers gently glide,
To join the spreading harbor's restless tide,
While flashing gems of living sunlight
glow,
And ever onward laughing bubbles rise,
Behold far, far beneath the shifting tide,
Clear ripple-marks the stainless sea sands
show.
A record fair, traced definitely below,
Of waves that toss and break and then
subside.
So when the fitful waves of fortune break
Upon the bosom of life's restless sea,
As cloud drift melts to blue without a
sign,
Deep written on the heart's pure scroll they
make
A record plain, whose lights and shadows
glow,
Self's chilling fate, or love's warm glow
divine.
—Arthur Howard Hall, in N. Y. Observer.



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CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

We sat in silence for some minutes, each absorbed in his own thoughts. The heat from the fire had warmed the hut so that the blue steam began to rise from my damp clothes. My companion reclined on his elbow, tracing some diagram on the floor with a pointer, which from its shape was evidently of eastern make. The rain, which now increased in violence, had almost quenched the log fire, and was invading our shelter, for the roof began to leak. There being no wind the torch burned steadily, throwing sufficient light for us to distinguish each other. I began to wonder what manner of man this was before me, dressed in a motley of court fool and peasant, and my curiosity was aroused to such an extent that for the time I forgot my own troubles. Nevertheless I made no sign of inquiry, knowing there is no means so sure of obtaining information as to seem not to desire it. My new friend kept his eyes fixed on the point of his dagger, the muscles of his queer-webbed face twitching nervously. At length he became conscious of my scrutiny, for, lifting his eyes, he looked me in the face, and then made a motion of his hand toward the wine skin.

"No more, thanks."
"There will be that left for to-morrow before we start."
"Then you also are a traveler?"
"You say you are going to Brucine?" He asked the question in his usual abrupt manner; but his tone was composed.
"It lies on my road."
"And on mine, too. Shall we travel together? I could point out the way."
"Certainly. It is very good of you."
"Well, it is time to sleep, and the torch has burnt to an end."

As he spoke he stretched himself out at full length, and, turning his back to me, appeared to sink into slumber. I watched him for some time by the embers of the torch, wondering if I was wise in accepting his companionship, and then, overpowered by fatigue, lost myself in sleep, heedless of the rain, which dripped in twenty places through the roof.

I slept profoundly until aroused by my shoulder being gently shaken, and, looking up, beheld my host, as I must call him, bending over me. I thought I had slept for a few minutes only, and saw to my surprise that it was well in the morning, and the sun shone brightly. All traces of cloud were gone, though soft billows of mist rolled over the olive gardens, and vineyards of Chianti grapes, that stretched towards Monteverchi. "Heavens, man! How you slept! I was right when I hinted you had a good conscience."

I scrambled up with a hasty "Good-morning," and, a few minutes afterwards, having finished the remains of the wine in the skin, we started off in the direction of Brucine. My companion had politely never inquired my name, and I had been equally reticent. He placed on his head a silken fool's cap, and the bells on it jingled incessantly as he walked along with a jaunty air, at a pace that was remarkable for a man of his age. He seemed to have lost the melancholy that possessed him during the night, and conversed in so cheerful and entertaining a manner that in spite of myself I was interested and withdrawn from my unhappy thoughts. He kept up his mood to Brucine, where, notwithstanding our strange appearance, we attracted, to my relief, less attention than I imagined we should draw.

With appetites sharpened by our walk, we did full justice to the meal I ordered at the only hotel in the place. Here I played host, as a return for my entertainment, and in conversation my acquaintance said that he was bound for Florence. I told him that also was my point, and invited him to bear me company on the road, to which he willingly agreed. I made an attempt here to hire a horse; but not even a donkey was procurable, all available carriage having been seized upon for the army. So once more descending the hill on which Brucine is situated, we forded the river and continued our journey.

At the albergo we heard that a body of troops were foraging along the banks of the Arno, and resolved to make a detour, and, crossing Monte Luco, to keep on the side of the Chianti hills, if necessary avoiding Monteverchi altogether. My companion maintained his high spirits until we reached the top of the spur of Monte Luco, known to the peasantry as the Virgin's Cradle. Here we stopped to breathe and observe the view. I looked back across the Chiana valley, and let my eye run over the landscape which stretched as far as the Marches. In the blue splash to the south of the rugged and conical hill of Corna, I recognized Trasimene, and beyond it lay Perugia. I turned to call my friend's attention to the scene, and at first did not perceive where he was. Another glance showed him standing on the edge of the cliff, a little to my left, shaking his clenched hand in the direction of Perugia, whilst on his face was marked every sign of sorrow and hate.

Curious to see what this would result in, I made no attempt to attract his attention, but in a moment he shook off the influence which possessed him, and rejoined me with a calm brow. We thereupon continued our journey with this difference, that my companion was now as silent as hitherto he had been cheerful. My own dark thoughts too came back to roost, and in a gloom we descended the Cradle, pushing our way through the myrtle with which it was covered, and walked on, holding Monteverchi to our right.

We kept a sharp lookout for the foragers, and, seeing no signs of them, made up our minds, after some consultation, to risk going to Monteverchi, which we reached without mishap a little after noon. It was not my

intention to halt there more than an hour or so, which I, hoping that I would have better luck than at Brucine, intended to spend in trying to hire an animal of some kind to ride.

We stopped at the Bell Inn, near the gate, and, after a deal of bargaining, which consumed a good hour, the landlord agreed to hire me his mule for two crowns. The rascal wanted ten at first. Just as the matter was settled a dozen or so of troopers rode in, and, spying the mule, in the twinkling of an eye, claimed it for carriage purposes.

It was in vain that the landlord protested that it was his last beast, that it had been hired to the noble cavaliere, meaning me, and many other things beside. The soldiers were deaf to his entreaties, and, although I had more than a mind to draw on the villains, I had the good sense to restrain myself, for the odds were too many against me. I therefore hid my chagrin under a smile, and the mule was led away amidst the lamentations of mine host, who was further put out of pocket by a gallon or so of wine, which the troopers consumed, doubtless in honor of the prize they had taken, neglecting in the true fashion of the companies grandes to pay for it. It was a fit lesson to the landlord, for had he not, in his cupidity, haggled for an hour over the hire of the animal, he might have been richer by two crowns and still owned his mule. Thus it is that avarice finds its own punishment.

On going off, the leader of the troop, a man whom I knew by sight and by reputation as a swashbuckler, if ever there was one, made me a mock salute, saying, in allusion to my quietness in surrendering my claim to the mule: "Adieu, Messer Feather-Cap—may your courage grow as long as your sword." This taunt I swallowed ruefully, and immediately set about my departure. My companion, who was not mixed up in the altercation, joined me silently, and we followed in the direction taken by the troopers, pursued by the maledictions of the innkeeper, who vented his spleen on us as the indirect cause of his misfortune.

The foragers, who, owing to the warmth of the weather, had removed their breastplates, which were slung to their saddles, were going at a walking pace; and it was amusing to see how the mere sight of their presence cleared the streets. Noting, however, that they did not appear to be bent on personal injury, we did not think it necessary to go out of our course, or delay our departure until they left the town, and as we walked fast and they went slowly, by the time they had reached the main square, we were not more than a dozen yards behind them.

At this moment we noticed the figure of a woman, apparently blind, for she was guided by a little dog attached to a string. The poor creature was crossing the pavement almost in front of the leader of the troop, and, as she was right in the path of the troopers, we attempted to warn her by shouting, and she stopped irresolutely, hardly knowing which way to turn. The troop leader, without making any effort to avoid her, rode on in a pitiless manner, and she was flung senseless to the ground. In this her hood fell back, uncovering her face, and my companion, suddenly uttering a loud cry, ran forward, and, seizing her in his arms, began to address her with every term of endearment, in the manner of a father to his child.

The troopers halted—discipline it will be observed was not great—and one of them with rough sympathy called to my friend to bear the girl, for so she looked, to the fountain, at the same time that their commander gave a loud order to go on, and to leave off looking at a fool and a beggar. I had, however, made up my mind that there was a little work for me, and, drawing my sword, stepped up to the swashbuckler's horse, and asked for a five-minute's interview there and then.

He burst into a loud laugh. "Corpo di Bacco! Here is Messer Feather-Cap with his courage grown. Here, two of you bind him to the mule."

But the men with him were in no mood to obey, and one of them openly said: "It is always thus with the ancient Brico."

"Do you intend to give me the pleasure I seek," I asked, "or has the ancient Brico taken off his heart with his corsalet?" For a moment it looked as if he were about to ride at me; but my sword was ready, and I was standing too close to him for any such treachery to be carried off. Flinging the reins, therefore, to the neck of his horse, he dismounted slowly and drew his sword. A number of the townsfolk, attracted by the scene, so far forgot their fear of the foragers as to collect around us, and in a few moments a ring was formed, one portion of which was occupied by the troopers.

Brico took his stand so as to place the sun in my eyes, a manifest unfairness, for we should have fought north and south; yet I made no objection, and unclasping my cloak let it fall to the ground behind me.

"A vous!" he called out, and the next moment we engaged in the lower circle, my opponent, for all his French cry, adopting the Italian method, and using a dagger to parry. For a few seconds we tried to feel each other, and I was delighted with the balance of my sword. It did not take me half a minute to see that he was a chivalier, and I began to rapidly consider whether it would be worth the candle to kill him or not. Brico, who had commenced the assault with a stamp of his foot and a succession of rapid thrusts in the lower lines, became aware of his weakness as soon as I did, and began to back slowly. I twice pricked him over the heart, and his hand began to shake so that he could hardly hold his weapon.

"Make way here," I called out, mocking. "The ancient would like to run a little." Maddened by this taunt, he pulled himself together and lunged recklessly at me in tierce; it was an easy parry, and with a strong beat I disarmed him. He did not wait, but with the rapidity of a hare turned and fled, not so fast, however, but that I was able to accelerate his departure with a stroke from the flat of my sword.

"Adieu, ancient Brico!" I called out after him as he ran, followed by a howl of derision from the crowd, in which his own men joined.

It was lucky that I adopted the course of disarming him, for, had the affair ended otherwise, I doubt not that the men-at-arms would have felt called upon to avenge their leader, poltroon as he was. As it happened they enjoyed his discomfiture, and an old trooper called out to me: "Well fought, signore—you should join us—there is room for your sword under the banner of Tremouille. What—no? I am sorry; but go in peace, for you have rid us of a cur."

Saying this, he rode off, one of their number leading the ancient's horse by the bridle.

I turned now to look for my companion. He was nowhere to be seen, and on inquiry I found that he had lifted the girl up, and supporting her on his arm, the two, followed by the dog, had turned down by the church, and were not in view. It would, no doubt, have been easy to follow, and as easy to trace them; but I reasoned that the man must have purposely done this to avoid me; and after all it was no business of mine. I therefore returned my sword to its sheath and walked on.

CHAPTER V.

D'ENTRANQUES SCORES A POINT.

Before I had gone fifty paces, however, I became aware that there was some law left in Monteverchi, for a warning cry made me look over my shoulder, and I saw a party of the city guards, who had discreetly kept out of the way when Brico and I crossed swords, hurrying towards me. The same glance, showed me that the ancient was already in their hands, and was being dragged along with but little regard to his comfort; and I felt sure that now, as the troop was gone, the citizens would wreak their vengeance on this hen-roost robber, and he would be lucky if he escaped with life. As for me, the catchpols being out, they no doubt reasoned that they might as well net me. To stop and resist would only result in my being ultimately overpowered, and perhaps murdered; to yield without a blow meant very much the same thing, and, in the shake of a drake's tail, I resolved to run, and to trust for escape to my turn for speed. So I set off at my roundest pace, followed by the posse, and the rabble who had a moment before were cheering me.

More than once I felt inclined to turn, and end the matter for myself; but the fact that this might mean laying aside all chance of setting D'Entranques urged me to my best efforts. So I made an attempt to stop, and I was compelled to slash him across the face with my sword, as a warning not to interfere with matters with which he had no concern. I hardly knew where I was going; but dashed down a little by-street, and, after a hundred yards, brought to a halt by a dead wall. I could barely reach the top of it with my bare hands, but luckily this was enough to all me to draw myself up, and drop without a blow upon the just as the police reached within ten feet of me. I did not stop to take note of their action, but was off as soon as my feet touched the ground, and found to my joy that I was close to one of the un-repaired breaches in the city wall, made six months ago by Tremouille's cannon. Through this I rushed, and scrambling down a slope of broken stone and mortar, found I would be compelled to climb down very nearly a hundred feet of what looked like the face of a rock, before I could reach level ground. There was not even a goat track. My agility was, however, spurred on by hearing shouts behind me, and preferring to risk death in attempting the descent rather than fall into the hands of messer the podesta, I chanced the venture, and, partly by holding on to the tough broom roots, partly slipping, and aided by Providence and Our Lady of San Spirito, to whom I hurriedly cast up a prayer, I managed to reach the bottom, and fell, exhausted and breathless, into a cistern hedge.

I was too beaten to go another yard, and, had my pursuers only followed up, must have become an easy prey. As it was I heard them reach the breach, where they came to a stop, all shouting and babbling at the same time. One or two, bolder than the others, attempted to descend the ledge of rock, down which I escaped, but its steepness damped their courage. Their courage, however, succeeded in loosening some of the debris so that it fell over the cliff, and a few of the stones dropped very close to me; but by good hap I escaped, or else this never would have been written. One great block, indeed, just passed over my head, and I vowed an altar-piece to Our Lady of San Spirito, who alone could have diverted that which was coming straight to my destruction; and I may add I duly kept my word. After a time the voices above began to grow fainter, and to my delight I found that the citizens, thinking it impossible I should have escaped like a lizard amongst the rocks, were harking back, and ranging to the right and left. I waited until all sound died away, and cautiously peeped out. The coast was clear. I had recovered my wind, and, without more waste of time, I rose and pressed on in the direction of the hills, determined to chance no further adventures near the towns. Indeed, I had crowded more incident into the past few hours than into the previous five-and-thirty years of my life, and my sole object, at present, was to reach Florence without further let or hindrance.

Keeping the vineyards between me and the town, I avoided all observation, and, at a small wayside inn, filled a wallet which I purchased with food and a bottle of the rough country wine, so that there might be no necessity for my visiting a human habitation during the remainder of my journey. With the wallet swung over my shoulder, an hour or so later I was ascending the slopes of Mount St. Michele, cursing the fallen pine needles, which made my foothold so slippery that I slid rather than walked.

It was late in the evening before I halted and ate my dinner under an overhanging rock, sheltered from the north wind by a clump of pines. When I finished I rolled myself up in my cloak, and fatigue, together with a good conscience which prevented me from sleeping as sound as it was refreshing. I was up before the sun and continued my way, determined to reach Florence by evening. I took no particular notice of the view, where I could see to my right the Prato Magno, and to my left all the valleys of the Greve; but kept my eyes before me, intent on my thoughts.

At length, when passing Impruneta, where the Black Virgin is, Florence came in sight. There was a slight haze which prevented me from seeing as clearly as I could wish; but I plainly made out the houses on the banks of the Arno, Arnolfo's tower, the palace of the Signory, the cathedral, the Bargello, and the unfinished Pitti palace, whilst beyond rose the convent-topped hill of Senario, where the Servites have their monastery.

As I looked there was little of admiration in my heart, although the scene was fair enough; but I could give no mind to anything beyond the fact that I was at last within measurable distance of D'Entranques, and that in a few hours my hand was like to be at his throat.

With these thoughts there somehow mingled up the face of madame, and the scene of our last meeting. I put this aside, however, with a strong hand, and determined to think no more of her, although no such recollection could be anything but pleasant and sweet. Until I met her I had managed well enough without womankind, and for the future I would leave bright eyes alone. Yet I knew I was the better man for holding the privilege of her friendship. However, she had passed out of my life, and across the seas I would have other things to think of than the memory of my platonic friendship with Doris D'Entranques.

It was close upon sunset when I entered the San Piero gate, and found myself in Florence, and in a difficulty at the same time, in consequence of my wearing a sword. I luckily, however, remembered that La Palisse, the French leader, was then in the city, and explaining that I was from the army at Arezzo with a message to him, inquired particularly his abode, which I was told was in the palace of the exiled Medici in the Via Larga. It so happened that La Palisse was in constant communication with Tremouille, and this and my confident bearing imposed upon the guards. I supplemented my argument with a couple of crowns, and they let me pass without further parley. It will thus be seen that whatever the regulations may have been, they were easily broken. Indeed I found later on

that they were, even at that time, a dead letter, and that the zeal of the guards was merely inspired by the prospect of making something out of me, which they did on this occasion. I knew Florence very well, having been there under circumstances very different to the present; but as I hurried along the crowded streets, I began to feel I was somewhat uncertain as to whether the roads led. I judged it prudent, however, not to make inquiries, but kept my eyes on the sharp lookout for a hostel suitable to my purse, which was diminishing at a fearful rate. I stopped for a while at a street stall to satisfy my hunger with a cake of wheat and a glass of milk, a wholesome, but unpalatable beverage, and entered into conversation with the stall-keeper. It came out that I was in a difficulty about a lodging, and the man promptly told me where one could be procured, and added to his kindness, seeing I was apparently a stranger to the place, by directing his son, a small bare-legged urchin, to guide me to the house, which, he said, was an old palace of the Albizzi, that had passed into the hands of the banker Nobili, and was rented out in tenements.

Heaven only knows through what by-lanes and alleys the urchin led, chattering like an ape the whilst; but at last we reached the house which lay in the street di Pucci. An arrangement was soon entered into with the person in charge, and I paid in advance for two weeks, the small rent asked for the room I took. I selected the room, because there was in it some furniture, such as a bed, a table and a couple of chairs, which, I was informed with some emphasis, had been seized from the last tenant in default of rent. I sent the boy away rejoicing, and was surprised to find the housekeeper did not depart as well; but this worthy soon made it clear to me that a further payment was requisite on account of the furniture. I was too tired to haggle, so paid him the three broad pieces he wanted and bid him get me some candles. He returned after a little delay with what I needed, and I may say at once that with a rough exterior I found this man, with all his faults, was capable on occasions of displaying true kindness of heart.

I would like to pay him this tribute, for subsequently, as will be seen, we had a grave difference of opinion which ended in disaster for him. At the time this happened I could not but condemn him strongly, for, in order to further a plot in which he was engaged, he tried to induce me to crime, and when, by a happy chance, I was able to frustrate his design, joined in an attempt to murder me. I fully believe, however, now that I look back on affairs coolly, that, in common with others of his age, he thought it no wrong to adopt any means to further a political plot, whilst in the everyday observance of life he displayed, in an underhand manner, much virtue.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ONLY ONE MAN.

The Pathetic Scene Which Followed the News of a Splendid Victory.

The following touching sketch is written by Kate Whiting Patch, author of "Middleway."

"Extra! Extra!" ring the shrill voices of the newshoys. "Another victory! Extra, extra!"

A young girl, hurrying through the darkening street, pauses a moment to catch the glad tidings; then, choosing the smallest of the ragged urchins who instantly gather about her, she slips her pennies into his grimy hand and eagerly seizes a paper.

Ten minutes more and she is flinging open the door of a quiet room, where a grave-eyed woman sits by the window, gazing out into the autumn twilight.

"Quick, mother, a light!" rings the impetuous young voice. "I have news from the war. Another victory, and only one man lost!"

A glad cry falls from the mother's lips as she hurries to the table and with trembling hand lights the small lamp. Both faces are eager, strained, as the younger woman reads rapidly the joyful news.

"Only one man lost"—she pauses and the other exclaims "Thank God!" but the paper has slipped from the daughter's hand, the joy has faded from her eyes, the color from her lips. Another instant and the sheet is in the mother's hands. The sudden fear that clutches at her heart tells her the truth before her eyes fasten upon the fatal words—the name of the lost man.

The clock ticks relentlessly in the corner, the fire dies out and the ruddy embers turn gray; the light of the little lamp sinks lower and lower, flickers and is gone. Still the two women cling to each other in the darkness; the silence is unbroken.

Only one man?

Only their whole world!—Chicago Evening News.

The Power of Adaptation.

Lord Seaforth, who was born deaf and dumb, was one day to dine with Lord Melville. Just before the company arrived, Lady Melville sent into the drawing-room a lady of her acquaintance who could talk with her fingers, that she might receive Lord Seaforth. Presently Lord Guilford entered the room, and the lady, taking him for Lord Seaforth, began to ply her fingers nimbly. Lord Guilford did the same. They had been carrying on the conversation in this manner for ten minutes or more when Lady Melville joined them. Her friend said: "Well, I have been talking away to this dumb man." "Dumb!" exclaimed Lord Guilford, "bless me, I thought you were dumb!"—Detroit Free Press.

Life.

He gets most out of life who gives most to it.

Some people put out their hands to life, while others stretch forth their arms.

There are people who spend their days in some little town or village, and yet live in the great expanse of a wide world; while others travel from city to city, and from country to country, yet live only in the narrow little circle of their own immediate surroundings.—Truth.

Colonial.

Mr. Ferry—You say this secondhand chair is in the colonial style?

Mrs. Ferry—Correct.

"Well, it seems to be pretty well so onized."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

They Were Up-to-Date.

Totie McFadden—Say, we is disappointed. The last chapter of dis book says dat de beautiful hercen lived to be an old woman and was highly respected. We don't want nothin' about no old woman. Wat we wants is de new woman, an' if youse can't give us somethink about de new woman, give us our nickel back and we'll buy chestnuts. See?—Washington Post.

Its Effect on Trade.

"How are things moving along in the restaurant business these days?"
"Well, I notice that since the Dreyfus verdict came in I don't have any more orders for fried frogs' legs."—Chicago Tribune.

God gives a man his tools, but he must acquire his trade.—Ran's Horn.

Ayer's Pills

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR BEARDS**. Sold by all druggists.

"The Prudent Man Setteth His House in Order."

Your human tenement should be given even more careful attention than the house you live in. Set it in order by thoroughly renovating your whole system through blood made pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then every organ will act promptly and regularly.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
NEVER DISAPPOINTS

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripes the Stomach.
... CURE CONSTIPATION ...
Sole and General Agents for all Druggists to U. S. M. E. Tobacco Habit.



Itching Burning Scaly Blotchy Humors Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

Cuticura

The itching and burning I suffered in my feet and limbs for three years were terrible. At night they were worse and would keep me awake a greater part of the night. I consulted doctor after doctor, as I was travelling on the road most of my time, also one of our city doctors. None of the doctors knew what the trouble was. I got a lot of the different samples of the medicines I had been using. I found them of so many different kinds that I concluded I would have to go to a Cincinnati hospital before I would get relief. I had frequently been urged to try CUTICURA REMEDIES, but I had no faith in them. My wife finally prevailed upon me to try them. Presto! What a change! I am now cured, and it is a permanent cure. I feel like kicking some doctor or myself for suffering three years when I could have used CUTICURA remedies.

Speedy Cure Treatment

Bathe the affected parts with HOT water and CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle. Dry, without hard rubbing, and apply CUTICURA Ointment freely, to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and lastly take CUTICURA RESOLVENT to cool and cleanse the blood.

This sweet and wholesome treatment affords instant relief, permits rest and sleep in the severest forms of eczema and other itching, burning, and scaly humors of the skin, scalp, and blood, and points to a speedy, permanent, and economical cure when all other remedies and even the best physicians fail.

Price, Ten Cents, 25c, 50c, 1.00, 2.00, 5.00, and 10.00. Sold throughout the world. CUTICURA SOAP and OINTMENT, 50c; RESOLVENT, 1.00. See Itching, Scaly Humors, and Eczema.

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

MAN'S PHYSICAL DEFECTS.

Uneven Shoulders, Arms, Legs and Hips Are Numerous—Few Perfectly Symmetrical.

A man can be measured to the best advantage, tailors say, away from a glass. Standing before a mirror he is almost certain to throw out his chest, if he does not habitually carry it so, and take an attitude that he would like to have, rather than the one he commonly holds; whereas, the tailor wants him, as the portrait painted wants his subject, in his natural pose and manner. With the man in that attitude, the tailor can bring his art to bear—if that is required—in the overcoming of any physical defect, and produce clothes that will give the best attainable effect upon the figure, as they will be actually worn.

The physical defect most common in man is unevenness of the shoulders. One shoulder is higher than the other, and this is a defect often encountered, though the difference in the height may not be so great as to be noticeable, except by one accustomed to taking note of such things. This is a defect that is easily overcome by the tailor, when it exists in a comparatively moderate degree. It is done sometimes simply by cutting the coat to fit on each shoulder, the perfect fitting coat carrying with it the idea and the appearance of symmetry is attained by the familiar method of building up or padding the lower shoulder. The influence of the lower shoulder extends down on that side of the body, so that sometimes it is necessary below the arm to cut that side of the coat shorter. Next to unevenness of the shoulders, round shoulders are perhaps the commonest defect.

A very common thing is unevenness of the hips. A difference of half an inch here would not be at all remarkable; it is sometimes much more. If a man finds one leg of his trousers—the legs as he knows, being alike in length—touching the ground while the other clears it, he may reasonably consider that there is a difference somewhere in his legs. It may be that one leg is longer than the other, but it is more probable that one hip is higher than the other, or one leg fuller, so that it takes up the trousers more and thus gradually raises the bottom more. It would be a common thing if men were seen with their waists off, to find suspenders set at uneven heights. The variation in the suspenders might be required, to be sure, by a difference in the shoulders, and not in the legs.

It is common to find men's arms of different lengths. The difference may be so slight as to require no special attention in the making of their clothes, but it is frequently necessary to make the coat sleeves of different lengths.

The fact appears to be that there are not many perfect men, that is, men of perfect harmony of development and perfect symmetry of proportions, in which respect man is like all things in nature, like horses, for instance, and trees; but in the greater number of men these defects are within such limits that they might be described as variations rather than as substantial defects.—N. Y. Sun.

HOW A FILIPINO DIES.

Stretches Himself Out in an Easy Attitude Much Like a Wild Animal.

The general, in a white hat, was marching in advance of the firing line, when the discharge of a rifle was heard in the yard of a house next to the road. Several soldiers rushed into the yard, but not in time to prevent two more shots, which came whizzing in the direction of the general. At this moment I came to a break in the hedge where I could see what was going on. A young Filipino was about 30 yards off. He was turning this way and that like an animal at bay, thoroughly frightened. He had a rifle in his hand. It afterwards turned out that this rifle was choked. The soldiers were breaking down the high hedge to get in. Suddenly the Filipino made a run for life. He got through the hedge some way and dashed across an open field. Three shots followed, all of which took effect. The wounded man turned, ran sideways a few paces, lay down on the ground, and a second shot after was dead. I got a good sight of the whole incident, and so naturally did the Filipino stretch himself along the ground and rest his head upon his arm that I thought he was shamming. An examination a minute later proved that he was dead. There is this difference between the manner in which American and Filipino soldiers die—the American falls in a heap and dies hard; the Filipino stretches himself out, and when dead is always found in some easy attitude, generally with his head on his arms. They die the way a wild animal dies—in just such a position as one finds a deer or an antelope which one has shot in the woods.—John F. Bass, in Harper's Weekly.

America's Women Ministers.
There are to-day about 300 women ministers in the United States. In America the ministry is being more used by women as a profession than the law. The great value of women ministers in America is for scattered parts that cannot possibly afford to support a man. They can maintain a woman minister. The chief opposition to women pastors comes from ministers of the poorer and least qualified class. Of course the older and more conservative ministers, bishops and the like do not look with much pleasure on a woman in the pulpit. But many congregations in the United States are ready for women ministers.—Chicago Chronicle.

HAMAN'S PLOT AGAINST JEWS

International Sunday School Lesson for October 8, 1899.—Text, Esther 1:1-11.—Memory Verses, 8, 9.

(Specially Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.)
GOLDEN TEXT.—If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8:31.

READ Chapters 1-3.
TIME.—The time of the story was somewhere about the middle of Xerxes' reign, 485-465, 62 years after the first return, 42 after the completion of the temple, and 12 before Ezra went up to Jerusalem. I. Xerxes' Third Year.—The great feast (1:5). B. C. 483. 2. His Seventh Year.—Esther made queen (2:16). B. C. 479. 3. His Thirteenth Year.—Haman's plot and Esther's heroism, B. C. 473.

PLACE.—Shushan (Susa), the winter capital of the Persian empire, about 200 miles south of east from Babylon, and 125 miles north of the Persian gulf. The site of the ancient Susa has been explored, and remains of the great palace have been discovered.

EXPLANATORY.
The Book of Esther.—The author is unknown, but must have been some one "living in the heart of Persia, a man who was intimately acquainted with the scenery he describes."—Prof. Adeney. The date of writing is also unknown. Prof. Sayce places it at B. C. 425. He says that the minuteness of detail shows that the author lived before the overthrow of the Persian power, B. C. 331. Some place the date still later. Historical Accuracy.

I. The Great Feast of Shushan, B. C. 483.—Esther 1:1-9. According to Herodotus, Xerxes held an assembly to arrange for the Grecian war in the third year of his reign, and it is probably this feast which is described in the first chapter of the book of Esther, as given to the nobles of the realm, assembled at Shushan from all parts of the empire. It lasted 180 days, or six months. At this long-continued fete were gathered the chief officers and nobles from the whole empire. Everything was done to impress upon them the greatness and power of the king, and the unlimited resources at his command.

II. Queen Vashti Deposed.—Esther 1:10-22. Vashti refuses the indecent summons of her drunken husband. It is suggested by Prof. Adeney that Vashti herself may have been under the influence of the wine drunk at her own feast, and so rendered reckless, and inspired with a factitious courage. But while I do not see with Dr. Gladden that "Vashti is the character which most demands our sympathy," yet I do agree with Dr. Taylor when he says: "For my part, I consider her conduct worthy of all praise; and hold that she was entirely right in what she did."

III. Queen Esther.—Chap. 2. An interval of four years occurs before a new queen is found in place of Vashti. It was during this interval that his great invasion of Greece took place. After the return of Xerxes from his great defeat Esther was chosen queen.

IV. Haman's Plot Against the Jews.—Va. 1-11. Four or five years later (3:7). V. 1. "Haman." Nothing further is known of him. "The Agagite." "Probably a term of reproach" (Scribner's Bib. Dic.) or a local name of his birthplace.

V. 2. "Bowed." Prostrated himself, "for such was the ordinary eastern practice." "Mordecai." A Jew, and an elder cousin of Esther (2:7), whom he had adopted as his daughter (2:15). "Bowed not." Because in so doing he would have been untrue to his God and his religion.

V. 3. "The king's gate." An open space before the gate of his palace.

V. 4. "Whether Mordecai matters" (or, rather, "words") "would stand," i. e., whether his excuse would be allowed. "He had told them that he was a Jew." So that they would understand why he could not worship Haman.

V. 6. "He thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone." "If Haman had simply said to Ahasuerus: 'There is one of your menials, who persistently disobeys a royal edict, and at the same time insults me,' Ahasuerus would, as a matter of course, have told him to put the man to death. But the revengeful temper of the man was such that this seemed to him insufficient. 'Sought to destroy all the Jews that were throughout the whole kingdom of Ahasuerus. Massacres on a large scale.'

V. 7. "In the first month" of the Jewish religious year. "Nisan." Corresponding to our March-April, the middle of which is our Easter. "They cast Pur." The word from which Purim, the name of the feast commemorating this deliverance, was derived. "Cast . . . the lot . . . from month to month" to find the favorable day for asking his favor of Xerxes, just as the augurs of the Romans by sacrifices, or the flight of birds sought for a day of good omen for great undertakings.

V. 8. "A certain people scattered abroad." Who, by their ceremonies and by their religion, were kept from intermingling with the other peoples, and being absorbed by them, as has been the remarkable fact ever since.

V. 9. "Let it be written that they may be destroyed." See under v. 6. "Ten thousand talents of silver." Various estimates at \$10,000,000 to \$20,000,000.

V. 10. "King took his ring." His signet, either a ring or a cylinder. "Gave it unto Haman." So that he could sign in the king's name and with the king's authority any decree he wished to issue.

V. 11. "The silver is given to thee." Xerxes refused the offered money, as he did the 4,000,000 gold darics of Pythius, referred to above. It may refer to the silver he might take from the Jews.

Figgs and Thistles.
Self-conquest is the truest royalty. You cannot reprove, unless you love. Patience is good, but it will not start a fire without kindling.

No man who is an enemy to God is a friend of society.

God shuts us in a prison house of pain, and we do not understand that it is His elevator.—Ram's Horn.

Even the devil was convinced when he saw that Job served God for love and not for a living.

GRAFFES IN AFRICA.

A Few Specimens Have Been Found in the Central Part of the Dark Continent.

From time to time it has been rumored that graffes existed in British Central Africa, on the Loangwa river, but, although that river valley has been frequently visited during the last ten years by Europeans, no authentic information on the point has ever been obtained, says the British Central African Gazette. Recently, however, a graffe was shot on the east bank of the Loangwa, in the Marimba district, by a European prospector, and its skin (incomplete) sent in to Capt. Chichester, in Mpezen's country. The hinder half of the skin is being sent to the British museum, and it is hoped that a complete specimen may now be obtained.

The existence of graffes in Marimba is remarkable; the area in which they are found is extremely restricted, and their number appears to be very few. The one shot, however, was in a herd of about 35. The nearest country north of Marimba in which graffes are known to exist is north of Mareres, where the Elton-Cottrell expedition met with them many years ago. To the south Matabeleland is the nearest graffe country.

FIFTY CENTS FOR NOTHING.
What will the inventive brain of man do next? This is a question some one asks almost daily. There is one, though, who leads all others, who for a quarter of a century has been making fine laundry starch, and to-day is offering the public the finest starch ever placed on the market.

Ask your grocer for a coupon book which will enable you to get the first two packages of this new starch, "RED CROSS" (trade mark brand) also two children's Shakespeare pictures, painted in twelve beautiful colors, natural as life, or the Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, all absolutely free. All grocers are authorized to give ten large packages of "RED CROSS STARCH" with twenty of the Shakespeare pictures or ten of the Twentieth Century Girl Calendars to the first five purchasers of the ENDLESS CHAIN STARCH BOOK. This is one of the greatest offers ever made to introduce "RED CROSS" laundry starch, J. C. Hubinger's latest invention.

Miss Proctor's Youthful Critics.
Miss Mary Proctor, the astronomer and lecturer, takes a deep interest in social settlement work in the big cities, and frequently gives her personal services toward entertaining poor children and adults. Generally her lectures are very well received. Many of her audiences often manifest better attention than those drawn from higher circles. Now and then there are exceptions. On one occasion a bright-eyed little boy who sat in the front row with his eyes fixed upon the speaker was asked how he liked it. "I guess," he said, "it was pretty good, but she ought to talk about lions and tigers. That's better for everybody." At another lecture a younger critic said as follows: "Miss Proctor's lectures are very much mistaken." Philadelphia Post.

Home Seekers' Excursions via "Big Four Route."

To the North, West, Northwest, Southwest, South and Southeast. Selling dates: August 15th, September 5th and 12th, and on October 3d and 17th, 1899, at one fare, plus \$2.00 to authorized points in the following states: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, British Columbia, Colorado, Florida, Georgia, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Idaho, Minnesota, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming, Washington. For full information and particulars as to rates, routes, tickets, limits, stop-over privileges, etc., call on Agents "Big Four Route" or address the undersigned: W. P. Depe, A. G. P. & T. Agt., Warren J. Lynch, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Cincinnati, O.

She—"Did you ever kiss a girl when she wasn't looking?" He—"Yes; but only once. She made me do it over again when she was looking."—Town Topics.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 22.
LIVESTOCK.—Cattle common, \$2.75 to \$3.00; select butchers, 4.85 to 5.00; CALVES.—Fair to good light, 6.25 to 6.75; HOGS.—Common and heavy, 4.00 to 4.25; Mixed packers, 4.00 to 4.25; Light shippers, 4.50 to 4.80; SHEEP.—Choice, 3.61 to 4.00; LAMB.—Spring, 7.75 to 8.25; FLOUR.—Winter patent, 3.40 to 3.70; GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 72 1/2 to 74 1/2; No. 3, 70 to 72; Corn—No. 2 mixed, 2.14 to 2.16; Rye—No. 2, 2.10 to 2.12; HAY.—Prime to choice, 12 to 14; PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, 10 to 12 1/2; BUTTER.—Choice dairy, 14 to 14 1/2; Choice egg merit, 2.25 to 3.50; POULTRY.—Per broiler, 1.25 to 1.40.

CHICAGO.
FLOUR.—Winter patent, 3.30 to 3.60; GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 72 1/2 to 74 1/2; No. 3, 70 to 72; Corn—No. 2 mixed, 2.14 to 2.16; Rye—No. 2, 2.10 to 2.12; HAY.—Prime to choice, 12 to 14; PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, 10 to 12 1/2; BUTTER.—Choice dairy, 14 to 14 1/2; Choice egg merit, 2.25 to 3.50; POULTRY.—Per broiler, 1.25 to 1.40.

NEW YORK.
FLOUR.—Winter patent, 3.00 to 3.80; WHEAT.—No. 2 red, 72 1/2 to 74 1/2; Southern, 65 to 71 1/2; Corn—No. 2 mixed, 2.14 to 2.16; Rye—No. 2, 2.10 to 2.12; HAY.—Prime to choice, 12 to 14; PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, 10 to 12 1/2; BUTTER.—Choice dairy, 14 to 14 1/2; Choice egg merit, 2.25 to 3.50; POULTRY.—Per broiler, 1.25 to 1.40.

BALTIMORE.
FLOUR.—Family, 3.30 to 3.60; GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 72 1/2 to 74 1/2; Southern, 65 to 71 1/2; Corn—No. 2 mixed, 2.14 to 2.16; Rye—No. 2, 2.10 to 2.12; HAY.—Prime to choice, 12 to 14; PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, 10 to 12 1/2; BUTTER.—Choice dairy, 14 to 14 1/2; Choice egg merit, 2.25 to 3.50; POULTRY.—Per broiler, 1.25 to 1.40.

INDIANAPOLIS.
GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 72 1/2 to 74 1/2; No. 3, 70 to 72; Corn—No. 2 mixed, 2.14 to 2.16; Rye—No. 2, 2.10 to 2.12; HAY.—Prime to choice, 12 to 14; PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, 10 to 12 1/2; BUTTER.—Choice dairy, 14 to 14 1/2; Choice egg merit, 2.25 to 3.50; POULTRY.—Per broiler, 1.25 to 1.40.

LOUISVILLE.
FLOUR.—Winter patent, 3.45 to 3.55; GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 74 to 76; Corn—No. 2 mixed, 2.14 to 2.16; Rye—No. 2, 2.10 to 2.12; HAY.—Prime to choice, 12 to 14; PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, 10 to 12 1/2; BUTTER.—Choice dairy, 14 to 14 1/2; Choice egg merit, 2.25 to 3.50; POULTRY.—Per broiler, 1.25 to 1.40.

ST. LOUIS.
FLOUR.—Winter patent, 3.45 to 3.55; GRAIN.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 74 to 76; Corn—No. 2 mixed, 2.14 to 2.16; Rye—No. 2, 2.10 to 2.12; HAY.—Prime to choice, 12 to 14; PROVISIONS.—Mess pork, 10 to 12 1/2; BUTTER.—Choice dairy, 14 to 14 1/2; Choice egg merit, 2.25 to 3.50; POULTRY.—Per broiler, 1.25 to 1.40.

The Best Man Wins.

Prize fighting may not be a pleasant subject, but it teaches a lesson nevertheless—the inability of man to hold the championship for any length of time. How unlike that great champion of health, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has never been beaten, and for fifty years has met and conquered the worst cases of constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness and liver trouble. See that a private Revenue Stamp covers the neck of the bottle.

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"Doesn't the bicycle make you feel younger?" asked the expert.
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"How is that?"
"Why, to sail through space as I occasionally do certainly gives the appearance of youthful activity, no matter how I may feel about it."—Buffalo News.

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"You are charged with scorching," said the magistrate in a stern voice. "The policeman who overhauled you says you were going at least 15 miles an hour."
"There must be some mistake about this, your honor. I was—"
"Oh, yes, of course, of course; they all claim that."
"But, your honor," continued the bicyclist, "I am positive that I was going at least 20 miles an hour."—Ohio State Journal.

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Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Smarting, Hot, Callous, Sore, and Sweating Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Preaching and Practice.
The man who invented a perfect method for the culture of the memory forgot his hat. The man who wrote a book instructing mankind how to live a hundred years died at 88. The woman who wrote a book to prove that there is no death has buried two husbands.—Christian Register.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Fastidious Cherry Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay. Price, 50c.

English as Written in Austria.
This curious attempt at English was copied the other day from the label of a bottle of kumel at Kitzbuhel. "This fine aromatic liquor of cumin being carefully distilled by me from exquisite green cumin must be recommended at the best as an excellent and savory hygienical middle."—N. Y. Tribune.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

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An egotist is a man who is unable to disguise the interest he feels in himself.—Chicago Daily News.

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We have heard of several, but never knew a man who could enjoy a joke on himself.—Aitchison Globe.

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